

COME ON IN, MISS SPRINGTIME


* Song *

THE WORDS BY

FRANK L. STANTON



The Music by

EDWARD E. MENGES

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To Miss Edna J. Dueber

Come On In, Miss Springtime.

Poem by
FRANK L. STANTON.Music by
EDWARD E. MENGES.

Allegretto scherzando



Brightly. a tempo

rall.

storm - in' 'round We need a soft - er song, There's

8

poco accel.

rall.

not a wind that blows but knows We've waited for you long.

8

poco accel.

rall.

quasi arpeggiando

p a tempo

Allargando

Come on in, Miss Spring-time! We're glad when Winter's gone! A

p a tempo

Allargando

L. H.

fz

Tempo primo

wel - come to Miss Spring - time, When soft - er bree - zes

*Tempo primo p
delicato*

languido

blow; We weary for a pathway to

slowly

ben sostenuto

*a tempo
leggiero*

where the roses grow; Just hide be - neath your

leggiero

rall.

blos - - soms, Gray Win - ter's hills of snow; A

rall.

quasi arpeggio

a tempo

(slowly) Allargando

wel - come to Miss Spring - time, We love your com - ing

a tempo staccato

p

Allargando

ten.

so. _____

so. _____

a tempo

R. H. 11

L. H.

R. H.

Brillante

f

fz

THEMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAVORITE SONGS.

Twilight.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

Moderato.

When twilight steals up-on thy life and mine,
And far beyond the hills the sun sets red,
When lit-tle birds their songs have hushed,
simile.

p *melodica marcato.*

mf

50 cts.

I Love But Thee.

F. FISCHER.

Innig.

What change is this come o-ver me As of un-rest so strangely blend-ed Since from his lips the words I com-pre-hend-ed
Wie so ver-wan-delt fühl ich mich Welch ei-ne Lust ist ü-ber mich ge-kom-men Seit ich das siis-se Wort von ihm vernommen

pp

mf *colla voce*

50 cts.

Rainbows.

cresc. BLANCHE CUSHING.

Moderato.

The clouds came up on a sum-mer day, And cov-ered a clear blue sky: They hid the face of the
The clouds come up when our life is bright, And cov-er the sun a-way, And the heart grows chill in the

pp

cresc.

mf

50 cts.

Prayer.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

Andante molto.

If there be some weak-er one, Give me strength to help him on; If a blinder soul there be Let me guide him nearer Thee.

p

cresc.

mf

50 cts.

Whose Little Baby?

E. R. KROEGER.

Whose lit-tle ba-by is tossed so high? "Sweetest lit-tle one un-der the sky!" His father declares, and the rea-son why? "He's pa-pa's lit-tle own ba - by."

cresc.

p

mf

50 cts.

Ashes.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

We found the gate to Folly's es-tate on a day of long a-go And the hours were sweet and the

p

mf

50 cts.

My Love.

ARTHUR LIEBER.

Andante.

I send a mes-sage by the rose, It says, "Thou breathing grace, Thy mo-dest vir-tue like this flow'r, Spreads

mf

mf

50 cts.

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